

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED EQUALLY UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1860.

VOL. 7—NO. 10.

**TERMS:**  
"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL" IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor.

Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

**Advertising Rates.**  
One inser'tion, Two do. Three do.  
1 square, [12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1 00  
2 squares, [24 lines] 1 00 1 50 2 00  
3 squares, [36 lines] 1 50 2 00 2 50

8 lines or less, 3 months, 6 do. 12 do.  
1 square, [12 lines] \$ 1 50 \$ 2 00 \$ 2 50  
2 squares, [24 lines] 2 00 2 50 3 00  
3 squares, [36 lines] 2 50 3 00 3 50  
Half a column, 10 do. 12 do. 14 do.  
One column, 15 do. 22 do. 35 do.

All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

## HOPKINSON'S STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease or disturbance of the bodily functions; but, with the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of plain common sense, they may be able to regulate the system as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired object, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of things at the least hazard of vital strength and life. For this purpose, Dr. Hopkinson has introduced to this country a preparation, bearing his name, which is not a new medicine, but one that has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters operate powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, and liver, restoring them to a healthy and vigorous action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the system to triumph over disease.

For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Complaints arising from a morbid Inaction of the Stomach or Bowels, producing Cramps, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

Diarrhoea, dysentery or flux, are generally contracted by new settlers, and caused principally by the change of water and diet, will be speedily regulated by a brief use of this preparation. Dyspepsia, a disease which is probably more prevalent, in all its various forms, than any other, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangements of the digestive system, can be cured without fail by using HOPKINSON'S STOMACH BITTERS, as per directions on the bottle. For this disease every physician will recommend Bitters of some kind; why not use an article known to be infallible? All nations have their Bitters, as a preventive of disease and strengthener of the system in general; and among them all there is not to be found a more healthy people than the Germans, from whom this preparation emanated, based upon scientific experiments which have tended to prove the value of this great preparation in the scale of medical science.

**FEVER AND AGUE.**—This trying and prostrating disease, which fixes its residence generally in the body of man, reducing him to a mere shadow in a short time, and rendering him physically and mentally useless, can be driven from the body by the use of HOPKINSON'S STOMACH BITTERS. Further, none of the above-stated diseases can be contracted, even in exposed situations, if the Bitters are used as per directions. And as they neither create a fever nor offend the system, and render unnecessary any change of diet or interruption of ordinary pursuits, but promote sound sleep and healthy digestion, the complaint is removed as speedily as it is consistent with the production of a thorough and permanent cure.

**For Persons in Advanced Years,** who are suffering from an enfeebled constitution and infirm body, these Bitters are invaluable as a restorative of strength and vigor, and need only be tried to be appreciated. And to a mother while nursing these Bitters are indispensable, especially where the mother's nourishment is inadequate to the demands of the child, consequently her strength must yield, and here it is where a good tonic, such as Hopkinson's Stomach Bitters, is needed to impart temporary strength and vigor to the system. Ladies should by all means try this remedy for all cases of debility, and, before so doing, should ask their physician, who, if he is acquainted with the virtue of the Bitters, will recommend their use in all cases of weakness.

**CUTION.**—We caution the public against using any of the many imitations or counterfeits, but ask for HOPKINSON'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, and see that each bottle has the words "Dr. J. Hopkinson's Stomach Bitters" blown on the side of the bottle, and stamped on the metallic cap covering the cork, and observe that our autograph signature is on the label.

Prepared and sold by HOPKINSON & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa., and sold by all druggists, grocers, and dealers generally throughout the United States, Canada, South America, and Germany.

**AGENTS.**—Davis & Jones, Ebensburg; J. A. Parrish, Summitville; Wm. Litzinger, Lovett; Peter Kinney, Munster.  
August 31, 1859.—ly.

## DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!

JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID.**

Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Snuff, and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.

R. S. BUNN, M. D.  
Ebensburg, May 4, 1859.—24-ly.

**THIS WAY.**  
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and splendid Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warranted,) by GEORGE HUNTLEY.

August, 10, 1859, 3t.  
**BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE**

## Select Poetry.

### THE LIGHT OF HOME.

The light of Home! how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams  
To love, and rest, and comfort, all;  
When wearied with the toils of day,  
And strife for glory, gold and fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will hush our name  
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night  
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,  
How cheering is that twinkling light  
That through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light of home. He feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there;  
And softly through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door—  
The weary laborer to greet—  
When the rough toils of day are o'er!  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings that the beams impart  
The cheering hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart,  
Around the light at home!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN.

The principle incident upon which the following tale is founded we had from a person well acquainted with the facts and the parties concerned. The phenomena of the mysterious rider we do not attempt to explain; it was related as a fact—as such we report it, with such additions in relation to other matters connected with it, as fancy may dictate. The mighty visitant here mentioned, who rode his cloudy steed for so many years, at regular intervals, through "fair and through foul"—through rain, sleet, and snow—moonlight, starlight, and the darkness of midnight will probably be well remembered by many persons now living.

With these preliminary remarks, we proceed, begging the reader to remember that imagination must supply most of the material aside from the wonderful phenomena of the flying horseman.

The indigent reader will please go with us to a small town in the vicinity of Boston. It is not needful that we name the village whither we are going, tell its origin, antiquity, population, or describe its appearance at the present day.

At the corner where two streets intersected each other stood the dwelling to which we now call attention. We will suppose it was built in the old style, somewhat darkened by time, and rather gloomy in general appearance, and that the sitting-room was so situated that the front was towards one of the streets, and the side towards the other street.

It was at the close of a cold January day. There was a cheerful fire blazing upon the hearth, that sent forth its congenial warmth despite the shrill pings of the wintry wind without. A young lady was seated near the window. She held a book in her hand, and though her eyes were directed towards the pages, it was evident that she saw not a line of what was before her. She was quite young but her exact age we are not able to tell, for our informant forgot to enlighten us on that subject, she was probably somewhere between eighteen and twenty. She was very pretty, and was neat and tastefully dressed. It was easy to perceive that she had been weeping profusely; for her eyes looked red and swollen, and on her knees lay a wet pocket-handkerchief. She was startled from the reverie into which she had relapsed by the sound of a horse's feet in rapid motion. A sudden blush suffused the cheeks of Ellen. She looked up the street and saw a young man ride by the window, preceded by a small terrier dog; we speak of the latter for reasons which the sequel will show. The horseman entered the yard, fastened his steed, and Ellen soon heard his footsteps upon the threshold.

"O, Edward, why have you come?" she exclaimed, as the door was thrown open, and a comely, though careworn young man, came in without ceremony.

"Do you reproach me, also?" he replied sadly, though somewhat proudly.

"Heaven forbid, Edward. I spoke only in your account. You know the danger you incur by coming hither, and you know how hopeless are our mutual wishes. Do not blame me."

"What is danger, since life can no longer be precious to me?"

"Hope, Edward, hope."  
"But why should I hope? Your father still continues immovable, and I am well persuaded that in this respect he will never change. If, then, you wait for his consent, we shall never be wed. I feel as sure of it as if an angel had told me."

"But I dare not disobey him; I am under a solemn promise."

"Then we must indeed part forever."

Ellen averted her head and sobbed audibly.

"The period may arrive when you may regret this step," replied Edward sorrowfully.

"I regret the necessity that bids us part as deeply as you can possibly do, and as truly as it is possible for any human creature to regret any unfortunate event. To my father I owe a certain kind of obedience, and I must render it to him though the overtaken heart break in the effort."

"This is your final decision?"

"I feel that it must be so."  
Edward walked the floor for a moment in silence, wringing his hands.

"Hear me once more, Edward. Come to me when a year has passed, perhaps some changes in my father's views may have taken place," said Ellen.

"So shall it be," he answered. "I swear, if living or dead, I will visit you. May heaven record my oath!"

"It is enough I shall expect you."

"One year from this night you may expect to see me though I break from the embrace of death itself to perform my solemn promise."

At that moment the door was thrown violently open—Ellen uttered a piercing cry and fainted for it was her father that came.

It was now dark night. A storm of snow was falling, and the wind howling fiercely.

"Begone, sir, and never darken my door again with your shadow!" cried the father of Ellen, at the same time dealing him a heavy blow upon the face.

The young man recoiled under the cruel rebuff, and his face crimsoned with indignation. He raised his hand to strike the old man, but a suppressed cry from Ellen instantly arrested his purpose.

"One year from now and the grave cannot hold me," said Edward, turning once more to Ellen, who had partially revived. "Remember, Ellen!"

With these words the young man walked out into the cold January storm, casting one reproachful, indignant glance upon the brutal aggressor.

A year passed, and Ellen during that interval heard nothing of Edward. He had suddenly disappeared, and no one knew the secret of his absence. Whether he had gone to visit foreign countries, whether he had courted in his own, whether the grave had swallowed him up, no one could tell.

As for Ellen, she still continued faithful and hopeful. She felt confident that he would come according to his promise. During the year that elapsed, she had refused many eligible offers, and her father had failed to shake her constancy.

The anniversary of the January night came. The storm fell faster, and the wind howled more savagely than a year ago. The wood was piled high upon the hearth, and all was warm and comfortable within. Ellen sat precisely where she reader first saw her. She was looking into the street where she had seen Edward approaching at the time of their meeting.

Hour after hour passed, and he came not. The family had retired, and she was the sole watcher in the house.

"He cannot come on such a dreadful night as this, thought Ellen. No human being would be so imprudent as to leave the fireside to brave such a freezing storm."

It was in vain that she said to herself, "I will retire—I will wait no longer," she was fascinated, chained to the spot by some strange and mysterious influence.

The clock struck ten—eleven, and still the fair watcher sat by the window, recalling full of the words of her lover:

"A year from this night, and I will visit you, living or dead, and the grave cannot hold me."

It grew colder and colder. The wind raved more furiously, and the icy sleet drove against the window panes in rattling showers. Suddenly the wind was hushed, and the storm paused in its career. It was quarter before twelve. The street in front of the dwelling was lighted up until the individual snowflakes were visible. All at once, following the strange illumination, reflected directly into the middle of the street, was the shadow of the terrier dog—close upon the shadow came the terrier, upon a hard run, with its tongue hanging from its mouth, as if spent with exertion. In an instant after the terrier made his appearance, came the most wonderful of all—a dark looking horseman, mounted upon a large black steed, with dilated nostrils, distended jaws, and streaming sides. He seemed to tread upon the air. There was no heavy tramp—no vibration of the earth—no tracts in the snow to tell that the phantom horseman had passed.

The darkness closed in again—the wind howled, and the snow burst forth again with redoubled fury.

The ensuing night found the sad watcher at the window, waiting for the re-appearance of the phenomenon. She did not wait in vain. Again came the same supernatural light; again came the shadow of the terrier, and then the terrier, and then dashed madly by the phantom rider upon his panting steed—pausing not a moment in his wild career; turning not his head to the right nor the left—casting no furtive glance towards the awestricken beholder.

On went the solemn spectre, and the darkness shut in again—but there was no truce upon the new fallen snow, and no sign that living man had ridden there.

Alas! for Ellen. She knew that her lover was no more, and that from the world of dead he had redeemed his promise.

The story goes, that she and others watched night after night—and night after night came the mysterious rider.

And thus he came for many years, at a quarter before midnight, in fair weather or in foul—in rain, snow, storm, darkness and moonlight.

The changes of seasons, and the changes of temperature, and incidental inclemencies, wrought no change in him.

Ellen's father always grew pale when the phantom horseman was mentioned, and sternly forbade them to refer to the subject; but the whole affair soon became public property, and hundreds came to watch the nightly visit of the phantom rider, and none failed to see him at the usual hour, and in the usual order—the terrier invariably preceding him, following his own shadow.

At length, after many years on the anniversary of the January night, the pantom came without the horse. The terrier walked slowly before him, and he followed at a pace measured and solemn. His hat was slouched over his eyes, and his head was bent upon his breast—but Ellen knew it was Edward. She tried to speak, but her tongue refused to articulate.

On the following night Ellen awaited his appearance with a firm determination to speak and know the object of his continued visit—but when he came her courage failed. Instead of keeping straight forward as on other occasions, the spectre crossed the street, and stood for a moment beside the fence near the window, and looking sorrowfully at Ellen, called her name three times distinctly. Paralyzed with fear, she was unable to reply, and the phantom walked slowly away, and came no more.

Long was the phantom horseman talked of. The person we have called Ellen is living at this day, and will not hesitate, we have reason to believe, to confirm what we have written in regard to the mysterious rider. She still remains single.

It will be remembered that there were many witnesses of this most curious phenomenon.

Edward was never heard of—his fate has ever remained a profound mystery, even to his nearest friends.

Probably these strange occurrences will be explained at the day when all human affairs shall be adjusted by the Great Arbitrator of all terrestrial things; until then must remain unsolved the mystery of the "Phantom Horseman."

## PRIDE AND PRINCIPLE.

I was returning home after an absence of eight years, returning to the home of my childhood. The lumbering coach that bore me rapidly along, was already entering the village where I was born, where I had the first important principles of an education, where I supported many a happy childhood's hour and where I had first learned to love.

Yes! to love the prettiest, merriest, and proudest maiden in all the village—not wise, but too well. She rejected my suit—she had higher aspirations. It was true, she liked me very well—it might be, loved me, I was not rich, and she was proud and haughty, as well as beautiful. Yet she was indeed kind and charitable, she did not reject my offer disdainfully, but seemed to study some method by which her irrevocable reply might give me no pain.

I did not question her motives. I knew them too well, and then there I resolved, that if health should be spared me, I would depart at once from my native village, and some day return a wealthy man—not again to urge my suit, not even to claim her as a friend or acquaintance, unless it should be her desire, for I too had a proud spirit, and could never condescend to plead with a woman.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, as I neared my father's cottage; and I rejoiced to think that, in part, my purpose had been accomplished. I was rich—rich even beyond the fastidious requisitions of Isabel Hayne, richer than her father had ever been, and yet my stern resolve had seen no change.

I met my father, now silver-haired with age. My mother had been lying in her narrow, silent home for nearly two years. My sister, my only sister, whom I fondly hoped to meet was married, and had gone to a distant place to dwell. The spirit of change had breathed upon every dear and familiar object. The houses, the fences, were mouldering away. I met the companion of my youth, who welcomed me back with smiles which seemed the distorted mockery of the smiles that lit up their happy faces in my boyhood's days. They were growing old.

Yet some seemed apparently no older than when I had seen them eight years before. I did not meet Miss Hayne, nor did I even inquire about her. She had probably gone away, or what was quite as probable, her father might have become so wealthy that she no longer moved in the village society. Perhaps she was married, and was living in some other place. What was she to me that I should spend a thought in speculation as to the cause of her insensibility? And yet I could not efface her image from my mind.—If ever in distant lands I had succeeded in my mind efforts to banish her from my memory, I could not do so now. The associations of home and familiar scenes brought back the recollections of happy days—and her name, her form, just as she appeared to me then, was indissolubly necessary to complete the picture which fancy painted me.

There was a social gathering of friends but she was not there. Why should I look so anxiously about, hoping and yet fearing to encounter her beautiful face? Why could I not forget her at once and forever?

Some one mentioned her name. "Why was she not there?"

"She does not go now since her misfortune."

"What a pity! Poor Hayne! They say that she supports him by teaching a female school."

"Yes, she is engaged in the district just beyond the village. It will be a very severe and humiliating lesson to her; she was very proud."

I must confess I was interested, and desired to know more, much more, but I asked no questions. I could not forget the past.

Not long after this I learned that the Hay estate, which had passed into the hands of some Eastern speculator, was again for sale, I purchased it, having no definite purpose in view, unless it was the thought that it would make a comfortable residence for my father in his declining years, since his own cottage was fast going to decay. I at once set about repairing the large mansion on the Hayne

farm, for that too had felt the mouldering touch of time, and for that purpose I frequently drove out to watch and direct the operations of the laborers.

I was one day driving leisurely along when I espied at some distance before me an old man, bent with age and grouping his tedious way along the road. Presently he sat down by the roadside to rest, and when I came up I offered him a seat in the buggy.

"Never mind," said he. "It is only a little way that I have to go, just to yonder hill-top. I go there sometimes when the days are pleasant like this, to meet my daughter and accompany her home from school. She is teaching, you know."

I disregarded his refusal of my offer, and sprung out of the carriage, extending him my hand to assist him to a seat, as though I thought it was a matter of course that he would ride.

"Well, well, since you wish it, I will go with you. There are not many that are kind to the old man now. I am not where I was six years ago. I was a rich man then—very rich—but speculation did the mischief. See yonder house, just beyond the school, it was mine. Ah! it was a happy home, but it can never be mine again."

And thus he babbled on, for the infirmities of age, prematurely induced by his misfortunes, had rendered him garrulous. He was indeed changed—for among all I had seen since my return home, not one had grown so old as he. He did not recognize me; and as I drove slowly along, very slowly—for he said many things that were interesting to me—I learned more of the circumstances, and of the sacrifices, concessions, efforts, and filial affection of his daughter Isabel—the name affected me, I will confess it, more than I had previously ascertained.

I had often passed the school house, as it was directly on my way to the farm, but had never caught sight of the fair teacher. As we now approached, I observed the scholars rushing from the door of the school room, and before we drove up, she herself emerged and stood before us.

"Ah, Isabel, this kind gentleman urged me to ride in his carriage, and I want you to thank him in my behalf, because you don't know how it has rested me."

If I had remained unrecognized by the father, I could not escape the penetrating glance of the daughter. Her quickly changing color indicated at once that she knew, or at least suspected, who I was. I turned around my carriage, sprung out, and offered to assist her in saying:

"Permit me, Miss Hayne—your father is fatigued, and I will drive you to your home. I shall have ample time to attend to my other business afterwards."

She stammered some excuse. I insisted upon her riding, and had the satisfaction of seeing her yield.

For a moment I gave myself up to the happy memories of the past. I was again beside the only being I had ever loved. I felt the rustle of her dress against my hand, and notwithstanding my exterior coolness and assumed formality, I could not suppress the tumult within.

Isabel was a little changed, but changed for the better. The haughty belle had become the beautiful Madonna. She was pensive, sad. But little was said during the homeward drive, except that which was uttered by the talkative old gentleman. Isabel said nothing. What a strange meeting. Had I been entire stranger, as Mr. Hayne supposed me, she could scarcely have been different.

She did indeed smile when I lifted her from the buggy, then I smiled, "Thank you, I then bunched, then paled again. Mr. Hayne cordially invited me to revisit their humble cottage, and solicited the honor of knowing who I was."

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, "this is our old friend Temple's son, and returned rich, too, they say. God grant you may make good use of your money. But be warned by an old man, and make no rash ventures—Here, Isabel, daughter! Did you know this gentleman? This is Harry Temple. You surely have not forgotten him."

"I scarcely recognized him," she replied, somewhat confused, as she returned from the cottage, to lead her invalid father into the house. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here again Mr. Temple."

It was the same sweet voice as of old, tempered by charity, humility, and affliction; and softened by the influence of religion and filial affection.

I pondered well the circumstances. Should I yield to the yearnings of my heart? Should I again offer my hand, perhaps to be repulsed? Perhaps she would not, a second time, reject my offer. I was now rich, and she poor. It would be no sacrifice of principle on my part to offer to wed the poor school-teacher, although I had determined never to renew my suit with the wealthy heiress. It might have been destiny that decided her to reject my offer; for had she not done so, I never would have left home and friends to wander in foreign climes in pursuit of wealth. I might at this very day have been grovelling in abject poverty—I would have been utterly unable to restore the old man and his daughter to their old homestead as I now fondly hoped to do. Yes, indeed, pride was conquered, and the principle which never had been quite extinguished within me, but against which I had battled with all my might for eight years, at length triumphed.

I visited their cottage repeatedly, and assured myself that the change in Isabel's character, disposition and manner, was deep and radical. She no longer had high aspirations her only thought was the comfort of her dotting father.

At length I offered my hand again, and this time I had no scruples about urging my suit, since matters occupied quite a different position from that of former years.

I cannot tell you how happy I was when I pressed her to my bosom, and knew that she

was to be mine. If I had loved her in her pride, and desired to make her my wife, how much more I loved her now in her humility, when I knew that I could protect her, and restore her and her dear old father to their old home again. I was indeed happy when I saw her shed such copious tears of joy. Ah! thought I this retaliation, this happiness for unhappiness, is sweet, both to the donor and the recipient.

**Indian Love.**

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her sign-man, "many indefinite attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinite attentions" in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam, for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw faint-ed. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen fox tails."

The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clasped her hands, exclaiming with joy:

"Now me ready to be courted again."

**A Large Panther Shot.**—Abraham Nivling, of Jamesville, and Amasa Smith, Sr., of Beccaria Mills, went recently to the Me-shannon woods to hunt panthers. They soon struck the trail of a very large one, which they followed for four successive days, camping at nights by a large fire, without shelter of any kind, during very cold weather. On the fourth day, 27th of December, the animal caught a rabbit, after devouring which, it proceeded about 200 yards and laid down.—Here the dog found it, when it took to a tree, ascending to the height of about 70 feet.—Nivling raised his gun and brought it down the first fire, the ball entering the nostril, and after traversing the neck, lodged in the breast. The "varmint" measured 12 feet 6 inches from end of nose to tip of tail.—*Clearfield Journal.*

**The "Diamonds" of Pennsylvania.**—The shipments of coal from the different coal regions in Pennsylvania, except the western part of the State, amounted last year 7,804,000 tons, which at \$3.50 per ton in the market, would make its value over twenty-seven millions of dollars. Adding about four millions of tons for the Western part of the State, and the value of the entire supply will not be far from thirty-five millions of dollars. This is pretty fair for a single product of the State.

**A Mean Man.**—A man in a neighboring State, says the Boston Journal, who possessed property estimated at \$50,000, was recently called upon to administer upon the estate of a deceased brother who had left a little property. When he rendered his account the Judge of Probate, they were found to contain, among the charges, the sum of \$2 for one day's time in attending the funeral of his brother, and \$2 for railroad fare in going to, and returning from the funeral.

**A Man who had been recently a major of militia, and was not overburdened with brains, concluded, on the morning of the parade, to exercise a little by himself.**—The field selected for the purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed:

"Attention, company! Rear, file, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife, hearing the noise, came running in, exclaiming:

"My dear, have you hurt yourself?"

"Go about your business, woman," said the hero, "what do you understand about war?"

**"Mr. Speaker,"** said a new Irish member, rising, "we cannot prize too highly the rights of freemen. They have been transmitted to us as a rich legacy; and palmed by the hand that would refuse to acknowledge or maintain them! Among those rights, Mr. Speaker, is the right of volition, or doing as we please. Every man, sir, should do as he pleases; and if he does not, he should be compelled."

**Boys and girls here is a word for you; get out of bed early in the morning—sing, dance and jump till your eyes are fairly open. Do up your clothes and morning walk with a will, and then mix off to school with a light heart and clear head, and you will be happy all day. The active boy makes the active man, and the slow, moping, listless, lazy man was once the boy who grumbled when he had a lesson to learn. Wake up then, and off to school.**

**A letter-writer from Cincinnati,** says that the common people of that city are those who kill pigs now. The aristocracy are those whose fathers killed pigs, and who of course regard the present pigicides as persons without honorable antecedents. Touch the question of pigs to them, and they bristle up immediately.

**Sublime.**—"The bull roared like the rolling thunder, and I ran like the nimble lightning; and springing over the fence with the swiftness of a star falling from the firmament, I tore my trousers asunder with a crash as loud as if the globe had been shivered by a comet."